Misunderstanding

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by Hisvoicebrokemyheart

Summary

Thorin knew Bilbo was his One, but what was he to do when hobbits were given no soulmate in return.

Notes

Whumptober Day 5: Misunderstanding

A little Bagginshield love on this fine day. As always, come say hi in the comments and all mistakes are my own.

“You don't get to think that I don't love you because I don't have a soulmate. There's freedom in loving as a hobbit, it doesn't mean I love you any less.”

It felt like Bilbo’s heart was breaking.

“I chose you, Thorin. Doesn’t that mean something?”

Thorin was speechless. He felt foolish to not have considered what Bilbo told him. When he learned that hobbits didn’t have a fated connection like dwarrow he pushed his feelings for Bilbo away. For quite some time he forced himself to treat their coupling as a passing folly. The gentle touches and soft, kind words that Bilbo bestowed upon him were taken with a grain of salt.

He couldn’t allow himself to get hurt — To be caught up in his own broken heart when his home was within reach was nothing but foolish.

Such a plan was a lost cause after Bilbo saved his life. How could he continue to ignore the truth of what Bilbo was after an act like that? His One was right before him, and it was terrifying.

His experience was unheard of. There was no one in his lifetime that he could remember meeting who had a One outside their race. The recognition of his bond to Bilbo hurt beyond belief. So he’d done the only thing he could think to do, he pushed Bilbo away.

Atop the carrock he pulled Bilbo to him one last time. He held him close and hoped he would remember the feeling. It would only be a matter of time before he lost him for good, back to his smial and the rolling hills of the shire — taking half of a would be king’s heart with him.

In the days that followed they barely spoke. Thorin knew that Bilbo couldn’t understand the change between them. Their conversations were short and stilted, and Thorin went back to taking first watch so he could lay his bedroll as far from Bilbo as possible when the next dwarf took over. Bilbo only wished that he knew what he’d done.

When the company settled into Beorn’s home, Bilbo was happy to be swept up by the big bear of a man. He doted on Bilbo, called him pet names even. It was nice to forget about Thorin and sink into the innocent care that Beorn provided to him.

Thorin ached to be with Bilbo. Having him so close, but keeping him so far, was eating at him. His mental fortitude was wavering, and he was barely any closer to Erebor. Sacrificing his happiness to focus on his mission was only proving to distract him in the end.

Bilbo’s laughter cut through the room as the bear lifted him to his shoulder. The hobbit kicked his feet against Beorn’s chest.

“Put me down you insufferable thing! I am not a child.”

Bilbo worked to speak around his gasping laughter. He was tickled by the attention.

“Ah,” the bear grumbled, “but you deserve the same joy, little one.”

Thorin could barely even look at him. He took his leave from the spacious common room and walked out into the vast fields at the front of the property.

He laid back beside one of the larger trees and watched as the giant bumblebees floated around him, sometimes coming close enough for him to reach out a hand and touch if he wanted.

Bilbo found him there. He always found him.

And when it only took moments for their conversation to escalate — Bilbo cried to him to see the truth of his love, and Thorin had never felt more ashamed in his life.

“I was so wrong.”

He stood to face Bilbo where he walked up. The hobbit kept a significant distance between them. It hurt to see him with his guard up.

“I’ve been such a fool,” Thorin took a step forward to close the gap. Bilbo eyed the movement but made no protests to it.

“If you’d allow me an explanation, I want nothing more than to begin fixing what I’ve broken.”

Bilbo took Thorin’s hand in his and led him back under the tree. They sat beside one another and Bilbo held tight to him. Thorin dropped his head down to gather his thoughts. His heart raced in his chest and tried to ignore the chance of rejection. He may have ruined the best thing he’s ever had.

“I was raised to be someone’s other half. Even as a king, I was never meant to stand alone. My mother and father, my grandmother and grandfather — they were the envy of all. I myself have never seen stronger pairs.

“There’s never a guarantee in finding your One. Things were different in the past, but us dwarrow have been spread far and wide for so long. That bond has only become more sacred because of it.”

Thorin had Bilbo’s rapt attention. He never expected the battle tested dwarf to truly open up to him. It made Bilbo realize how much was missing between them before Thorin had pulled back.

“Please,” Bilbo rose to his knees. “Keep going.”

Thorin mirrored him, changing his position. He pulled his hand free from Bilbo’s grasp only to hold one hand in each of his. His thumb danced across Bilbo’s knuckles in a soft caress.

“From the moment we started this connection between us, you’ve scared me. Recognizing you as my One was both euphoria and agony. My duty is an immovable force, how could I

ask you to turn away from your home when the only thing I've ever wanted was to reclaim mine?"

Bilbo laughed at the notion before attempting to soothe Thorin's worries with a light kiss on his cheek.

"You forget that I left my home behind to help you find yours," he mused. "I will not simply let you push me away on some notion that you think it's better for *me*. You confounded dwarf — your gods may say that I am yours, but you have always been mine."

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